

# It is my house!



by Gordon Stone  
Herald Staff

This week, Phillips Slothead walked into *my* house. He opened two suitcases in the meeting room, set up a sleeping bag, and made himself at home. In *my* home.

An emergency meeting of the Collective was called. After debating the issue, we

voted that Phillips could *not* live in our business offices. Phillips did not like it, and I understand. But.

It is not easy living or working here. The house is too small, the plumbing rarely works properly, there is little sound-proofing. I don't know

how *CQM* could have failed me so badly.

And now that Terry and I are sharing space, it is even harder.

I want very much to make *The Herald* building work. I have to. There is no money to make it work anywhere else.

*Please see Mine!, Inside 3*

FREE

## The Winnipeg Weekly Herald

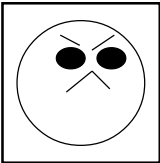


FREE

All the news that fits  
in six small pages

Issue 7, December 20, 1999

Ho ho ho! Ready for Christmas?  
I'm sure as hell not!



by Phillips Slothead  
Herald Staff

Internal politics bubbled over at *The Herald* this past week, with the terrible weight of the co-workers (*they should try the occasional diet*) coming down hard on poor, beleaguered Slothead, who only wants a safe place to live!

All he wants is to get out of his apartment, where he lives the life of a marked man, and move into *The Herald* ON A TEMPORARY BASIS to live an unthreatened life for a while.

Plus, T.S. lives just outside the evacuation zone. *One more block, and the government would have paid for my move.*

He finally took matters into

his own hands and moved into *The Herald*.

Is he met with graciousness and warmth? Hardly. Old Gordo glared as if T.S. had the plague as he spread out his blanket on the table (which will hardly be a comfortable place to sleep).

Then Terry came down and

# No, it isn't!

all hell broke loose! And then Mike got into it. Of course she was on their side. It is the fate of The Slothead to never to be on the *popular* side of issues, but that is life on the cutting edge!

Then Ruth showed up. I was

*Please see Mates, Inside 3.*

### St. Bernadette Hospital Salutes Evacuation Volunteers

St. Bernadette Hospital salutes train wreck site. It was the all its evacuation volunteers. largest single evacuation in They worked hard to ensure Winnipeg's history. that our caring for the injured People already glowing blue during the evacuation was did not need to be evacuated, such a success. and some decided to remain. Some outpatients in St. B's St. Bernadette Hospital glowing blue study remained sured its volunteers wore at home during Wednesday's proper protective clothing and evacuation of all people living took appropriate safety mea- within ten blocks of the original sures, like not breathing.

## The Winnipeg Weekly Herald Workers' Collective



by *Everybody*

Last week we published six separate versions of the minutes of a meeting. We decided that the logical step this week was for us *all* to write *one* version of the minutes.



We decided we each would have a number of times we could appear. This is what we ended up with:

**Phillips:** Dan, Mike, Ruth and myself arrive more or less on time and wait downstairs. The others ask where my suitcases are. Ha ha ha.

**Mike:** We start to set up the large plastic Xmas tree Gordo bought. He doesn't want a real tree killed, so we have a pseudo tree, just like a pseudo Collective.

**Ruth:** I said it was ridiculous to devote an entire issue of our newspaper to minutes, especially different versions

of the same meeting. Extended discussion. It is agreed the Collective will jointly write one version of the minutes.

**Mike:** Asked if anyone had heard the old joke about a committee trying to write a description of an elephant.

**Gordon:** I established this newspaper to publish news. Although the *all minutes* issue was good, the public has spoken, both in letters and phonecalls. They think a newspaper should publish news. It is hard to argue with them. So

when I tell the co-workers they have to write news articles, Phillips shows me his employment contract. It does not specify he writes *news* articles, only *articles*. That clause is in each of the co-workers' contracts. All they have to do is turn in 500 words a week. *CQM* required I maintain co-worker freedom



by not limiting the type of article. *I am doomed, and it is me who has doomed it.*

**Phillips:** Gordon talks about being doomed, but it is The Slothead who is doomed, living as a marked man. Meanwhile, Gordo is worried about his newspaper. There is nothing in my employment contract that says I have to continue writing hard-hitting news articles about organized crime, and not instead write equally valuable articles on gardening.



**Terry:** Gordon talked strongly about the lack of direction of the paper. Ruth articulated it best, what was on all our minds, at least those of us who have minds, to wit: a newspaper has to have *news*. Everybody agreed on that. Whew!

Then there was our employment contracts. This is a sensitive area. Different co-workers have different ideas about what an article is. For example, it does not say in *my* contract that I write a culture column. It

# Inside 2

## Everyone's Minutes of Meeting December 18, 1999

was a verbal agreement with Gordon and the Collective. Does a reinterpretation of the definition of *article* mean that I will have to drop my culture coverage and work a beat?

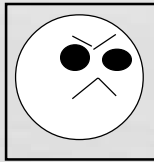
**Dan:** Unfortunately I had to go to the washroom, and then there was a mess in the kitchen to clean up, and then it was time to order lunch, and when it came to prepare it, and then clean up after lunch and by then it was time for a coffee break.

**Mike:** Gordo goes wacko over our contracts. Mine, of course, is the tightest of anyone's. I lay out the paper, get camera-ready copy to the printers. I also run the office, maintain supplies, etc. The rest just turn in 500 words a week!

**Ruth:** We all are supposed to be responsible people. Some of us were previously journalists, some are new to the pro-



fession. But we all are expected to maintain a certain standard of conduct. Certainly this reporter tries to. It is hard to see why Gordon would feel the need to start telling any of us what to write or how to write it. I thought we were all supposed to be equals.



**Gordon:** I propose that if the concern was I would start to tell them what and how to write, no. We leave such things up to the Collective. But the checks and balances--editorial criticism about articles--is not functioning as it should. We then have an extended discussion about the Collective and the relationship of the co-workers to the Collective.

**Phillips:** Although we are continually sidetracked by crap, this newspaper will shake down. There is a lot of talent here, and The Slothead is not just talking about himself, either. I tried to put us back on track, which was dis-



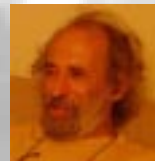
Why oh why oh why?

cussing living arrangements, and if Terry could live here part of the time why couldn't I, but I seemed to be the only one who wanted to talk about it.

**Gordon:** I gave Phillips an employment contract, not a lease.

**Mike:** Gordon and Phillips go at it! It almost gets physical! Wow! But none of us backs Phillips, and in the end neither is the fighting type, so Phillips drops it. Everybody settles down over coffee and donuts from Dan.

**Mike: 1. Agenda**  
By the time the Collective reached a point in the meeting where it was able to discuss the Agenda, it was 4:30 and the meeting was adjourned. It now appears the paper has less direction than before, given no one has to write *news* articles.



*Mayor Collins is not in our Collective, but we've apologised to him so many times he should be!*

***These "minutes" are the best the co-workers could manage, working together. We never actually made it into the business of the meeting itself, journalism.***

**Crowded  
already,  
isn't it??**

## **Mine, Mates,**

*continued*

This house is *it*.

So you can understand my feelings when a few days ago I come downstairs and see Phillips walk in with two suitcases and unpack without a word.

*Not only don't I have any privacy--now they're moving in!*

As if I don't have enough to worry about. For example, I hear Mayor Collins is up to something, but I don't know what.

Anyway, then Terry came downstairs, Mike joined in and it all became quite heated.

Ruth came, and actually seemed a little sympathetic to Phillips. When Dan arrived, he went directly to the kitchen.

In the end Phillips had to repack his bags and I drove him back to his apartment. I was sorry for him but he had no right to put me in such an awkward situation.

I know he feels marked, but Phillips would be no safer in *The Herald*. And as for the evacuation, well we all know about that, so there is no point devoting any space to it in this newspaper.

*continued*

surprised because she actually seemed to sympathize with me. For all the arguing between us, maybe we're not that far apart.

The Slothead admits it: he was getting the *e* word: embarrassed. Then Dan arrived, took one look and immediately disappeared into the kitchen to make coffee.

Everyone claimed they are sorry for T.S.'s situation, but no one would do anything.

So okay. T.S. moves back to his apartment. He does not blame them. It was maybe not the best idea T.S. has ever had, moving in here with no notice. T.S. tries to have good ideas, and often he does. This appears not to have been one of those times.

So he is back alone in his apartment and back with his fears.

So he is typing this article as he sits courageously at his laptop, well it's on his lap as he sits in bed watching tv, eating cookies.

But if he wakes up tomorrow morning with a horse's head next to him, he is going to sue!

## **Classified**

### **Ads**

**Evacuation T-Shirt Sale**  
*Why be frustrated standing in long line-ups when you can order by phone our genuine Winnipeg Great Evacuation of 1999! teeshirts. Pretty much finest quality. Contact Dan Quayle.*

**Glow Blue Garage Sale!**  
*Multi-family charity garage sale Saturday, Winnipeg Arena. All families are from the evacuation area. Glow in the dark books, dinner plates, telephones--you name it!*

**Mayor Seeks Information**  
*I warned Gordon, but last issue he did it again. Anyone with information on other slanted articles: contact The Mayor, Box 1, The Herald.*

**Evacuation Song**  
*Get a copy of local singer songwriter Dan Quayle's I Got Out During the Great Evacuation. Unique collector's item. Send \$12.95, specify cd, 8 track or cassette, to Dan Quayle, The Herald. Delivery sooner or later.*

**Law Suit Complainants**  
*We represent three individuals who are planning a group law suit against Dan Quayle, regarding fraudulent contests and non-delivery of prizes. If you wish to join our law suit please call me, Louis Offsink at 555-1212. I am doing it for free, as a public service.*

**Latest Evacuation News!**  
*Get the very latest news on the evacuation by going to Dan Quayle's Website. For a small fee you will be sent email alerts and be kept totally informed! Go to danquayleevacuation.com for more information!*

**We Told You So**  
*The Church of We're In For It Now.*

## Sporting News & Views

by Rich Ludwick

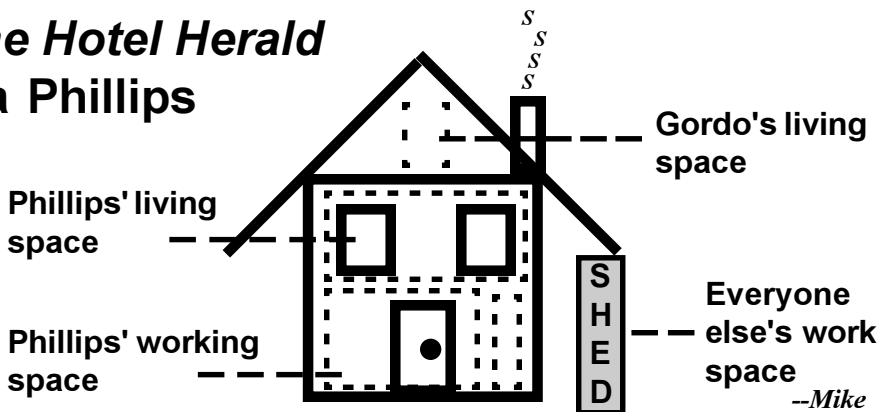
Hi Rich fans! I'm back, and this time with a *long long* column! I did a sports column back in Issue 2. We don't have to get into why it took *forever* to get another sports column in *The Herald*. But this time, Gordon has promised me lots of space!

Sports is big business today. It has forgotten the source

of its revenue--fans! Over-paid athletes earn more in a year than most fans earn in a lifetime. How can you root for millionaires? When I played football with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers we were paid decent salaries, but not much more. But fans had more fun. Next Week: Maybe some scores!



### The Hotel Herald ala Phillips



## Letters to the Collective

**Dear Herald:**

Hello? *Herald*? Anyone home?  
Sincerely,  
Madeline Dork

**Dear Herald:**

I have been reading your paper since the first issue, and that is more than I can say for you.  
Sincerely,  
Joe Blow

**To The Editor:**

In your first issues you actually featured some news stories. By the fourth issue or so you pretty much stopped having news sto-

ries altogether.

Good choice.  
I don't know if you're making this all up, like a parody of a tabloid turned inside out (I hope you are, for your sakes) but it's very entertaining, especially for free.  
Yours,  
Jane Feeberg

**Dear Herald:**

I've entered an awful lot of Dan's contests.  
Why do you keep letting him run what appear to be fake contests? Have you ever checked to see if he's ever paid anyone off yet?

Aren't you afraid of being sued?

Sincerely,  
Donna Jones

**To The Editor:**

Is there an editor? I wonder. The paper seems so rudderless. Does the Collective have no guidelines at all for what it wants to publish?  
Most sincerely,  
Mike Hanchuk

**If you haven't guessed,  
Mike picks the Letters.**

# Rear End

Hi Dan fans! Time for another great puzzle for the whole family, especially designed for hours of fun. No more subliminal messages, no more hidden games about giving me money.

From now on, *Herald* readers will get the back page they have been looking for. Pure clean fun!

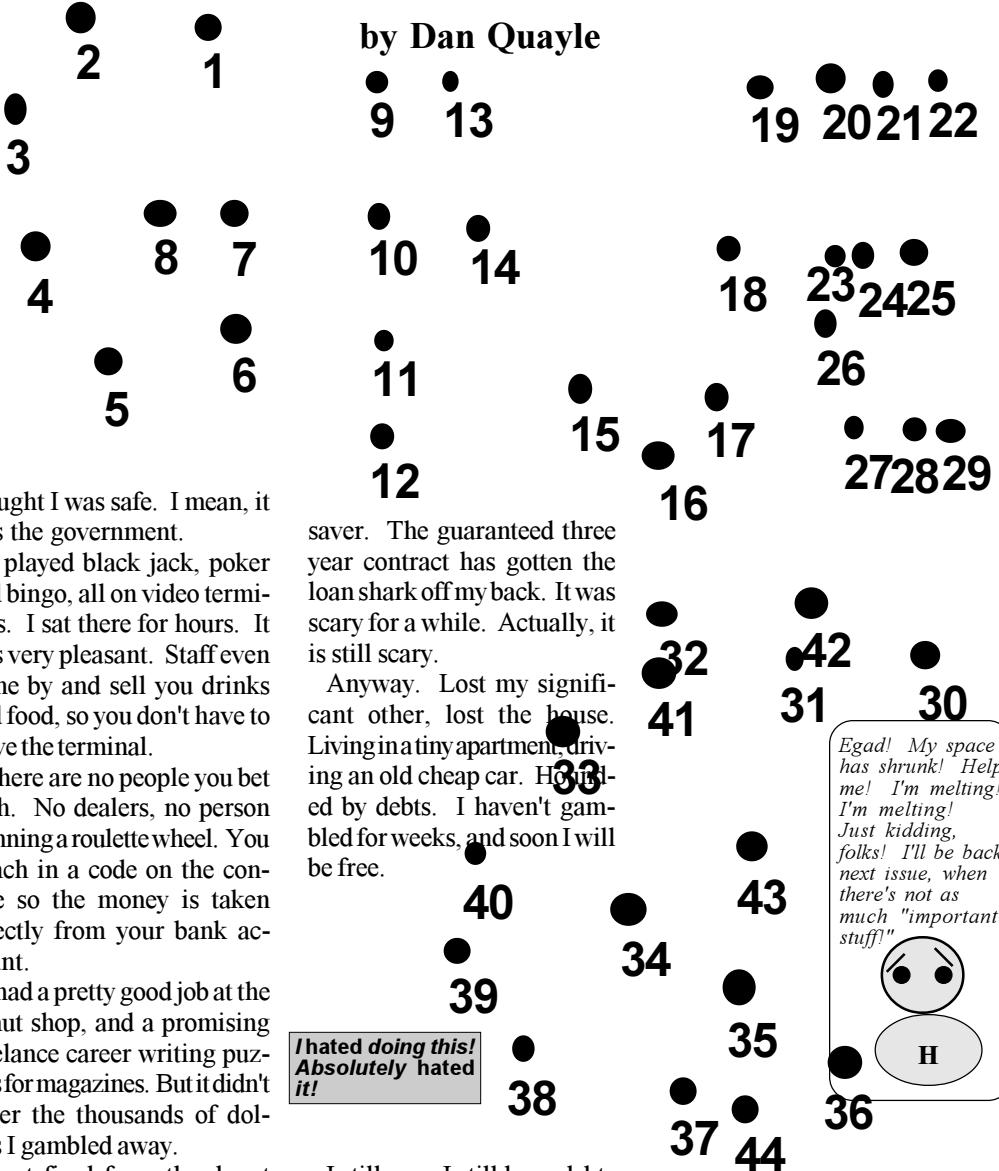
Many readers have written, asking me about my gambling

debts. For those readers who do not live in Manitoba, I will explain.

Gambling in Manitoba is run by the government. All casinos are government casinos. I

## Dan's Connect-the-dots

by Dan Quayle



thought I was safe. I mean, it was the government.

I played black jack, poker and bingo, all on video terminals. I sat there for hours. It was very pleasant. Staff even come by and sell you drinks and food, so you don't have to leave the terminal.

There are no people you bet with. No dealers, no person spinning a roulette wheel. You punch in a code on the console so the money is taken directly from your bank account.

I had a pretty good job at the donut shop, and a promising freelance career writing puzzles for magazines. But it didn't cover the thousands of dollars I gambled away.

I got fired from the donut shop after I was up late gambling, and they were tired of my wages being taken. This job at *The Herald* was a life-

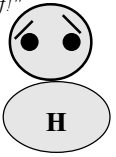
saver. The guaranteed three year contract has gotten the loan shark off my back. It was scary for a while. Actually, it is still scary.

Anyway. Lost my significant other, lost the house. Living in a tiny apartment, driving an old cheap car. How ruined by debts. I haven't gambled for weeks, and soon I will be free.

**I hated doing this!  
Absolutely hated it!**

I still owe, I still have debts to pay, still have people chasing me. But I almost have it all paid off. Just a little more, and I will be free!

*Egad! My space has shrunk! Help me! I'm melting! I'm melting! Just kidding, folks! I'll be back next issue, when there's not as much "important stuff!"*



*The Winnipeg Weekly Herald*  
by Victor Schwartzman  
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This is a work of fiction.